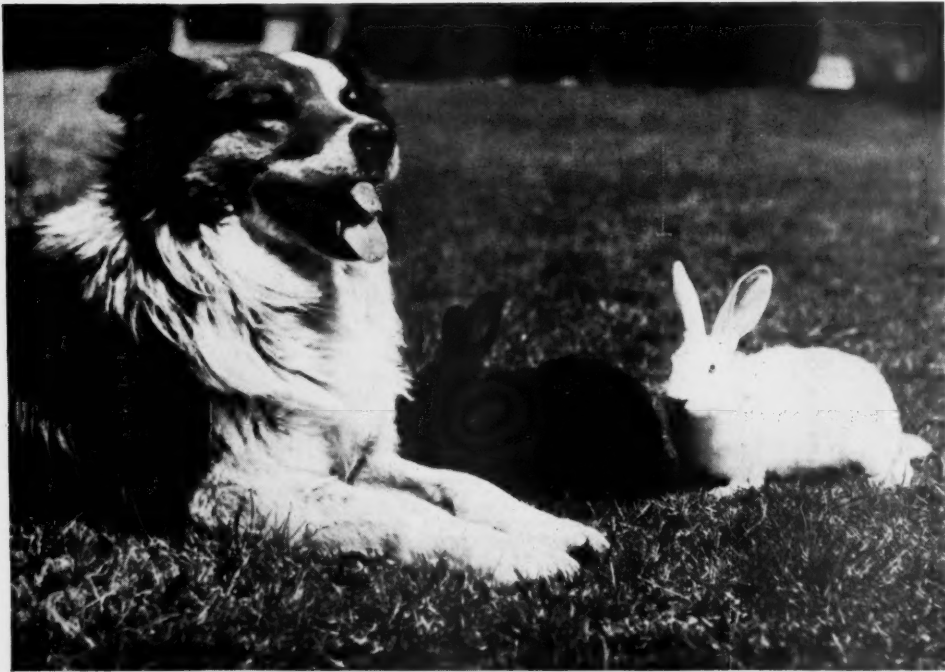


NOVEMBER 1937

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The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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Vol. 70

November, 1937

No. 11

A good way to help stop the cruelty in the training of animals is to stop aiding and abetting animal performances with your money and presence.

More than 8,000 children took part in the annual essay competition conducted by the Cape of Good Hope S. P. C. A., Cape Town, South Africa, this season.

He who compels himself to think kindly toward man and beast, will soon, without thinking, act kindly.

The "regular army of destruction" comprising some five millions of licensed and unlicensed hunters now takes the field to kill, maim and harass the innocent wild life that we can ill-afford to lose. The firearms and ammunition makers are the chief profiteers.

The child in his whole environment has become the chief concern of the organization and constant effort is being made to "raise the standard of home life" until it shall become a secure structure upon which to trust the complex life of a great nation, says the National Congress of Parents and Teachers.

Sensitiveness of Animals

Many of our readers who have heard of the celebrated Dr. Serge Voronoff, about whom so much has been written and said relative to rejuvenation, will be rather surprised to see that in a new book published by him entitled "Love and Thought in Animals and Man," he maintains: "It is a great mistake to say that animals only feel physical pain. Many of them have a soul as sensitive as our own while their feelings are sometimes even superior to ours."

One would hardly have expected this from Dr. Voronoff. At the same time, it will confirm the opinion of many whose life experience has made them careful students of the animal world.

Civilization's Debt to the Dog

IN an article published last month in the *San Diego Union*, Mrs. Helen H. Edmonds, chairman of the Humane Education Committee of the San Diego Society, quotes the following interesting testimony of that rare genius, Fabre, to the dog.

Centuries ago, man lived mostly by the chase as the last surviving savage tribes still live. The raising of herds, the tilling of the soil, the manufacture of goods, all were unknown. The flesh of wild animals gave food, their skins provided clothing. To catch the game a fleet-footed auxiliary in the chase was necessary and to keep dangerous animals in a proper state of fear, a courageous defender was needed by man in his pitiful beginning. The auxiliary, defender and friend devoted even to death, was the dog.

With the aid of the dog, says Fabre, life was rendered less perilous, food more assured. Leisure followed and from being a hunter man became a herdsman.

Thanks to the dog, the herd gave abundance, milk and its products, flesh for food and warm wool for clothing. Then relieved from the anxiety concerning daily provisions, man began to dig into the earth and make it produce grain. Agriculture sprang into being and with it, little by little, civilization.

Based upon an ancient ceremonial a demonstration is recorded in which 2,000 Buddhist school children in Japan took part in a religious ceremony for the repose of the souls of all the animals that died in the zoos of Japan last year. Led by an elephant representing the animal kingdom, and fifteen white-robed, chanting, Buddhist priests who burned incense for the spirits of the dead animals, the children prayed in keeping with ancient precepts. The ceremonial was based on Buddha's teachings that the trees, flowers, grass and animals have souls, and therefore mankind's mercy must be given them.

An Income from Slaughter

AN English periodical known as *Cruel Sports* reports the following:

Lord Airlie is receiving £5,000 for his Cortachy grouse-moor—£5,000 for the season. Lord Cawdor gets £4,000 for a moor at Nairn. Lord Dalhousie has let three moors for between £4,000 and £5,000 apiece. His income from this source is reckoned at £13-14,000 for the year.

Mr. E. P. Rogers, an American, is paying £3,000 for two moors. Mr. Pratt, of Pratt's Motor Oil, has rented one from Lord Tweedale.

The hunter who goes out to shoot his game matching his wits with the wits of the bird or beast and hunts to meet a real need of his own or his family is in a very different class from the hunters who go out onto preserves where animals have been bred for the sake simply of being driven in flocks into the very face of the gunners. To the credit of Lord Beaverbrook be it said that the *Scottish Daily Express*, owned by him, had recently the following comment:

"Yes, . . . the twelfth day of August is 'glorious' for some because on that day they hie them to the butts and there blaze away at the driven grouse, for all the world like a Spanish firing squad machine-gunning their prisoners."

Bee Stings

We read this summer the account of a horse being stung so severely by bees that it died. Here is a remedy that was clipped from a Western paper. It was submitted by a bee man:

Heat boiler full of water. Add 10 pounds of common salt. Wrap blankets wrung out of this brine as hot as can be handled by bare hands, around the animal. Relief is instantaneous, cure is complete in two hours.

This recipe may not come amiss to the new bee handlers. Even with the best of care bees sometimes go on a rampage.

Our Reproach

GIRALDA FORBES

*We heedless slaughter little lambs at play,
And do not hear the dumb creation groan;
We trample flowers on our heedlong way,
And do not hear the sad earth's undertone*

*We make all nature serve us, and we cage
Wild frightened things, and bend them to
our will;*

*We do not vote for freedom for these slaves
Because we love the Circus, and the thrill*

*Of watching animals, condemned for life
To pace their narrow cages to and fro;
No crime have these committed; why do we
Get pleasure from such tragedy and woe?*

*For we demand full freedom for ourselves;
We revel in green woods, the sun, the
stars.*

*How is it we do nothing to set free
Those wistful prisoners behind their bars?*

Read Jack London's "Michael Brother of Jerry," mailed, post free, to any address upon receipt of price, 75 cents. THE JACK LONDON CLUB is built on it. The present membership is 689,191, all pledged to do everything possible to stop the cruelty attendant upon trick animal stage performances. Will you join it? No dues. Send your name to *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Queer Habits of the Wild Creatures

HENRY H. GRAHAM

THE wild mother mallard duck, who builds her nest in the rushes fringing the shore of reedy lakes, lines the nest with soft down from her own body, supplementing this with whatever other suitable articles she can procure such as rags, leaves and bits of cat-tail plant.

The cowbird never builds a nest of her own, but lays her eggs in the nests of other birds, leaving them to be hatched there and raised to maturity by the foster parents.

Unlike popular belief the timber wolf does not attack human beings except when in desperate circumstances. The animal must be hungry, wounded or cornered before attacking. In the dead of winter timber wolves form into packs for their mutual benefit. Sometimes these hunger-mad creatures will pitch into a human being, but not if deer, elk or other forms of food are available.

Herds of elk do not indicate abundance. They indicate a shortage, for only when their numbers have been reduced by winter's rigors do the animals congregate. Often-times elk must be fed with hay dropped from airplanes, to keep them from starving. Just as soon as winter rations grow short elk form into herds, roaming the wilderness in quest of food.

The opossum, common to the southern states, has a strange habit when caught.

He plays dead and seems actually lifeless. This, however, is merely a trick to deceive his captors. When they leave he quickly "recovers" and bounds away in his usual good health. Even when carried away by hunters the opossum is always watching his chance to escape and will do so if opportunity offers. The old saying "Playing possum" came from this trick of the animal.

When attacked, the porcupine, often known as the "Quill Pig," performs a curious stunt, peculiar to that animal. He rolls into a round ball, tucking his head in deeply. Thus, enemies can find no vulnerable point of attack because there is none. Every inch of the exposed parts of his body is covered by quills. Even the bear fears to attack the "porky" after the latter rolls himself into a ball.

Raccoons souse their food about in water before they eat it, and after eating wash their front paws clean.

The penguin during moulting loses so much weight that he cannot dive for fish, and what does he do? Swallows stones till he has the proper ballast and then goes after his fish.

The mother moose sees a slim birch sapling with tender leaves and twigs at the top which she cannot reach. She pushes against it with her great chest and as it bends straddles it, holding it down with her body and walking till she reaches the green, when both she and her calf dine from the sapling's top.

Members of the Jack London Club Oppose Such Acts as This

(Illustration from *Our Animals*, San Francisco)



THERE IS A GREAT DEAL OF CRUELTY CONNECTED WITH THE TRAINING OF WILD ANIMALS, ESPECIALLY OF THE FELINE FAMILY. NOTE THE BULL-WHIP, THE PROD AND THE PISTOL USED BY THE TRAINER

Song for All Creatures

JOHN T. RITCHEY

*The fox, possessor of a den,
The rabbit, owner of a burrow,
Even the mole a landlord when
The field is cut in stubbled furrow.*

*These creatures, neighbor to the air
And friend to grass and close to trees,
Travel a certain thoroughfare
Toward the eternal Hesperides.*

*With no concern for human kind
Save in fear of shot and shell
And neat cold pain that turns eyes blind
And bodies still and pitiful.*

*The fox, possessor of a den,
The rabbit, owner of a burrow,
Even the mole and landlord when
The field is cut in stubbled furrow.*

The Saddle Pony

KENNETH NEWCOMB

DEAR to the heart of the cow country lad is his favorite saddle pony. Often not much of a horse in the eyes of the rest of the outfit about the place, but to the lad whose intimate and friendly acquaintance it enjoys, the saddle pony combines all that is best in horse flesh as well as being both friend and chum. Years may change the lad into a city business man with gray-ing temples, paved streets and office buildings may take the place of range and corral, but nothing can ever fill the niche left vacant by the much loved saddle pony of yesteryears. Oft-told tales of childhood repeated to the man's children or grandchildren continue to add other admirers and friends long after the fastest thoroughbred of the pony's time has been forgotten. I know, because I was once a lad possessed of such a pony. Years have dimmed the details of many childhood memories, but the happy days spent with "Fan" and the wealth of experience we had together stand out indelibly and are reflected in nearly every story relating to my childhood, when told to the youngsters around my chair.

One story in particular to which I am partial, deals with Fan's concern for me the day we came dashing up to a turn in the lane just after a rain had left the ground soft and slick. Fan went down on the turn, but I went straight on for several feet until brought up on the side of a cow path with sufficient force to take away my breath. Having had my "wind" knocked out before, I just lay still, face down, waiting for the pain to subside and my breathing apparatus to resume its normal regularity. While thus prone upon the wet ground, I felt something brush my shoulder, lightly at first and then more firmly. I looked up to see Fan standing over me, apparently much more concerned about the consequences of the spill than I had been.

Fan, as a four-year-old, lost her only colt shortly before she was turned over to me the summer I was eight. I always liked to believe she sort of adopted me and bestowed on me the pent-up mother love she held for the lost colt all through the years we were almost constant companions.

Animals on Indian Reservation

BEATRICE WARREN

WHEN I think of the variety of missions an Indian trader is called upon to perform, it brings a smile.

One day an Indian dog followed his owner to the store, wearing a face that was astonishing. It was covered with porcupine quills as thick as a pin cushion is stuck with pins—the worst case we had ever seen. He

the affected area around the base of the quills, saying that they will soften and come out as easily as pins from a cushion. How tragic that I had not heard that lecture several years ago when it would have done that particular sufferer some good, but I have stored the bit of information in my memory, hoping that it may help any other



SCENE ON NAVAJO RESERVATION. BOTH YOUNGSTERS SAY:
"This is our first trip to the trading post and we're sticking close to our mas."

could not eat and of course no Navajo would concern himself enough to do anything about it. We realized that if the dog had been attending strictly to his own business he would not have found himself in such a condition, but philosophy did not help him any. The rest of us crave a little sympathy, too, when we get into difficulties, perhaps from sticking our noses into other people's affairs.

There was no veterinarian within hundreds of miles to help or even tell us how to proceed, but the trader got out a pair of pliers and commanded the Indian to hold the dog's feet, and then began the agony of having those barbs removed. No doubt the dog felt that the cure was worse than the disease but that was because he had never gone mad with a jaw and throatful of festering quills. What a pity we cannot explain to dumb creatures that we are trying to help them and really not enjoying hurting them more. At least he was grateful enough after the painful ordeal to accept bread crusts from my hand, with all members of the family and other cheerful onlookers predicting that he would surely bite me. But I never can believe that any animal is going mad and bite the hand that feeds him the first food he has had in days. And I imagine the pan of water was even more of a treat to the thirsty puppy.

At the campfire lecture in one of our national parks last summer the ranger's topic about park animals and rodents included the porcupine and in connection with that he explained how to treat a dog that has accumulated a set of porcupine quill whiskers. He advised pouring vinegar over

unfortunate dog that passes my way with a face "that hurts him."

In days gone by, when few whites lived on the reservation, some Indian was continually sending for our men folks to come and sew up a horse that had been cut on barbed wire or to make a few fancy stitches in a dog that had fought not wisely but too well.

Navajos like cats and we have to keep a sharp watch on ours while they are small. Cats are not plentiful on the reservation and any squaw is watching for an opportunity to slip one under her shawl and walk off with it. If a cat crawls up on the meat hanging around a hogan and proceeds to help himself, as a rule they just slap it off, but if a dog gets to the meat they nearly kill him. We do not know the reason for this great discrimination but presume they figure that the little bit the cat gnaws off does not hurt the meat since it is already as filthy as can be but a dog can get away with a good-sized chunk. We even knew an Indian family that milked a goat to feed their cat.

A horse was once formally appointed Consul of Rome by a Roman Emperor. The horse was "Incitatus," beautiful and beloved steed of the mad Caligula. Legend says, however, that Caligula remarked that, of all his Consuls, Incitatus was the only one who did not give him lies and false flattery.

In Galway, Ireland, they say that an Irish wolfhound sailed, with its master, Rice de Culvey, with Columbus upon his first voyage to the New World.

Sky Pilgrims

MAMIE REYNOLDS

WINTER was at hand and the lakes, and pools of the far North were receiving their covering of ice. Waterfowl were making ready for their long flight to the South. Trumpeter swans, large and pure white; Ross' geese, small and also pure white with black flight feathers; teals, blue-winged, green-winged and cinnamon; the deep-diving rosybill; small, tree-roosting buffleheads; and small, game-fighting ruddies; all were ready for this long, long flight.

Soon they got into the air and with them went Canada geese, canvas-back ducks, red-heads, scaup, goldeneyes and others.

Flying through the highest depths of sky, and led by Canada geese in V formation, the waterfowl are soon in the wake of a group of migrating hawks. Sharp-shinned hawks, thirteen inches long with upper parts a slaty gray and tails three inches longer than their wing tips with white and black streaked throats; Cooper's hawks, nineteen inches long, darker than the sharp-shinned and having rounded tail feathers. Small, but powerful, these Coopers are swift flying, blood-thirsty pirates, in spite of their beautiful coloring.

As the waterfowl gain on the hawks, the hawks suddenly go higher so the waterfowl may fly beneath them. And as the waterfowl fly ahead, the hawks allow them to pass unmolested, for these hawks are migrating, not hunting!

After several days and nights of flying, something far below attracts the attention of the waterfowl.

Below is a large lake, surrounded by a very high wire fence. Within this enclosure are hundreds of other waterfowl, "quacking" and "calling" while they swim and eat.

The waterfowl begin describing a large circle, then a smaller circle, and then a still smaller one.

While the waterfowl were flying lower and lower, a flock of Golden plovers, got ahead of them. They, too, had nested in the Arctic region and were now on their trip to South America. During their flight of twenty-five hundred miles, they will shed

and take on an entirely different color. They are now black of breasts and sides, with the brown feathers of their backs and crowns tipped with yellow. However, some of them have already begun the moulting process and their color is becoming grayish with a few yellow-tinted feathers here and there. Finally their color will become a shade of gray!

As the plovers go ahead toward the South, the waterfowl begin alighting in the huge lake beneath them. Here in this lake and along its margin various kinds of aquatic foods have been planted. Here are white water lilies, growing in the shallow water; banana water lilies; spatterdock, whose seed is relished by all waterfowl; American lotus with its magnificent pale yellow flowers; wild celery, especially favored by canvasbacks; wampee duck corn; duck potatoes and other foods.

The waterfowl remain here in the "sanctuary" or "refuge" for several days. They are protected and well fed. But a sudden change in the weather warns them that freezing time is at hand. So once again they get into the air.

Hardly have the waterfowl started South once more, before they are flying side by side with thousands of other birds. But these birds are very small indeed. They are ruby-throated humming birds, the smallest of birds, yet among the swiftest flyers. Now they seem to be going forward with the speed of rifle balls, buzzing on and on, up and down, always headed toward the Southland. They will fly straight across the seven hundred miles of the Gulf of Mexico and spend the winter in Panama or some of the countries of South America.

The waterfowl also continue their journey southward and as one stands and watches them fade from sight into the far-off heavens, he is reminded of Bryant's lines:

*"Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy fleeting form; yet
on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart."*



WISCONSIN DENTIST USES UNIQUE DEVICE TO FEED BABY RACCOONS WHOSE MOTHER WAS KILLED

Which Had the Last Word?

A. GRACE GRAY

MEISSONIER, famous French artist of the nineteenth century, had a dog of which he was exceedingly fond. One day the animal broke one of his legs and Meissonier, agonized by such a misfortune to his beloved pet, determined to entrust his chances of recovery to no other than the great Paris surgeon Nelaton. So he telegraphed in hot haste to the eminent doctor, urging him to come at once to his residence at Bougival, but not venturing to declare the real cause of his panic. Nelaton, thinking that one of the artist's family must be in need of him, was not long in arriving. Meissonier met him in the drawing-room and frantically plunged into conversation with him on various topics. He who had painted many battles and won many trophies knew not how to face this present affair! At length Nelaton, realizing the value of his own time, asked to see the patient and the embarrassed artist requested a servant to bring him in. Howling with pain the wounded beast was borne into the room upon a magnificent cushion. Whereupon Meissonier, forgetting all else, cried out beseechingly, "Save him, illustrious master! Save him!"

Nelaton, prince of surgical science as he was, employed all his skill in dressing the fracture and the animal swiftly recovered. The artist shortly afterwards wrote to the great man, expressing his undying gratitude for his kindness and requesting the amount of his bill. Nelaton sent a courteous reply, saying that when Meissonier next came to Paris he could call upon him and there they could settle the debt. This Meissonier soon did and was producing his pocket-book crammed with banknotes when Nelaton exclaimed, "Stop, Sir! You are a painter, are you not?" When the other answered affirmatively the surgeon went on, "Well, just put a coat of gray paint on those two panels which the cabinet makers have finished, and we'll call the debt settled!"

It was indeed a delicate revenge, and one which Meissonier appreciated to the full. He went at once to work and at the end of a few days had, with amazing dexterity, painted two of his most exquisite pictures on the panels!

You can make kindness a habit—if you want to.

Orphans of the Storm

BERNARD L. KOBEL

Yes, we may truly say that these baby raccoons are "orphans of the storm" because their mother was killed when a wind-storm blew down the tree which had been their home.

They were made "at home" by a dentist, Dr. Walter F. Neuschafer, of Fremont, Wisconsin. At first he fed them by means of medicine droppers but as they grew it proved to be too much of a task, so he arranged these bottles in a rack and now, whenever the little fellows feel hungry, they make their way to their bottles. Needless to say, they are getting fat and "roly-poly" and enjoy themselves very much.

The Outsider

ALICE FIELD HALE

*Outside the gates of Paradise he'll wait;
This little dog who died the other day,
For Some One that he loved once went that way,
And he may glimpse her, passing, through the gate.
Six Christian Churchmen said it was not meet
That his small heart should find its well-earned rest
Within the churchyard, on the brown earth's breast,
Crouched—as in life—at his dear Lady's feet.
Strange! That the little chap must wait outside!
He had the virtues of the best of us;
Such casual treatment seems ungenerous;
But—given orders—courteously he'll bide:
Waiting, perhaps, till I have chance to speak
With Christ, who loved each faithful follower.*

"Jerry"

GRIGGORY DOLE

EACH night, as the 6:43 slowed in to a suburb of Providence, Frank Jackson would watch for him out of the car window. He was a young collie, nearly all yellow with white markings. He would sit, watching, with his head high above his fore paws, on the grass at the corner of King and Depot Street, across from the cinder railroad embankment. The instant the locomotive appeared above him, Jerry was on his feet and away. With big leaps down the path that the commuters had worn through the grass, he came, running alongside the cars as they slowly slackened in speed.

When the train had stopped and Jackson came down the steps, Jerry would be waiting, with his tongue quivering and his bushy tail waving violently. His head would be turned up to his master and he would move up close behind him. Jackson always gave the dog's head a friendly pat by way of greeting and exclaimed, "Good old Jerry!" And then the two would walk down the street to Jackson's quiet home under the elms. If another friend walked with Jackson, Jerry would follow politely behind, but if Jackson went alone, Jerry walked by his side.

Winter and summer, through heat and cold, rain or shine, Jerry met his master. It became an old story to the commuters. Even the engineer would wave his hand to the collie as he brought the train in. Other commuters watched for the dog, too. They had learned his name and in summer they would call out to him through the open windows. But Jerry never gave the slightest heed. With head down and feet flying, he would race alongside the train, intent only on reaching the station in time to greet his master.

The sight of Jerry running beside his window came to affect Jackson more and more pleasantly. It put him in a warm glow; sometimes, after a hard day at the office, he felt an odd tightening of the throat when he first saw the dog. He came

to realize that whenever Jerry ran after his train, it meant he was coming Home.

Jackson was happy in those days. He didn't know how happy till success came to him later on. He had worked hard, and after six years his company rewarded him by making him a branch manager in the West. As the new position required a great deal of traveling, Jerry had to be disposed of in a hurry.

Jackson was now "on the way up." In twenty years he had risen to a vice-presidency in the firm. His income was large: he had two big homes, stables, a kennel and servants galore. But his wife had died, his health was poor, and when he wasn't worrying about the company's affairs, he was troubled over his own investments.

Sometimes as he sat at his large desk, he thought of the old days. He remembered the contentment, his small, restless home, and Jerry running each night to greet him at the station. What had become of the old dog, he wondered.

One day he decided to find out. He sent out a high-salaried detective. The man went back to the village and searched high and low. He inquired everywhere. But nobody any longer knew anything about Jerry.

When the man returned with his disappointing news, Jackson said nothing. For a long time afterward he sat in thought. The truth came to him in the end. Serenity and Jerry,—both had gone out of his life together.

The Loiterer

AILEEN O'LEARY

THE sun burned relentlessly down and gripped countless cities in one great heat wave. There were shadier places to loiter than on the hot cement sidewalks of the business section of Dayton, Ohio. Yet he was different from the general run of loiterers found on city streets. His coat was shabby and the absence of a collar emphasized the skinniness of his neck.

He seemed homeless and alone. His eyes held a world of appeal as they shifted from one wilted pedestrian to another. Now and then friendly looks met his and fanned the spark of courage that made him cling to life. He did not spoil this interchange of friendliness by asking for a dime for a cup of coffee, or carfare to a destination where there might be work. He knew the value of silence and sometimes fell into step with an understanding passerby.

He neared the intersection of Fourth and Jefferson streets. Mirrored in the chromium basin of the water font, the sun splashed spots of dazzling light on all who approached the pedestal. A few stopped to drown their thirst.

He moistened his lips and looked longingly at the orange-colored contraption.



Photo by W. Henry Boller

"PATSY"—JUST A DOG

When the coast was clear he, likewise, bent over the silver basin which dried at his touch. His thirst mounted until it became an inner agony. He made way for an elderly gentleman, and the sound of rippling water seemed to dry the blood in his veins. He opened his mouth and gulped in air to cool his parching throat. He uttered a slight groan and then looked beseechingly into the eyes that suddenly met his.

"Thirsty as the dickens, aren't you?" muttered the stranger. With his foot still on the pedal, he moved aside that the other might drink.

Water, cool and inviting, flowed forth, making a silver arch that ended in a tiny foam of sparkling bubbles. The loiterer opened his parched lips, moistened his tongue on the rising jet, and drank great long gulps of the thirst-quenching liquid.

"Done like a veteran!" exclaimed the elderly Samaritan. "Had enough, old boy?"

The sad brown eyes looked up into the kind grey ones. Mute gratitude glowed in their depths. Then, wagging his tail, the gaunt creature turned away and sauntered off, police-dog fashion.

The most famous dye in all the world—Tyrian purple—owes its discovery to a dog. Upon a Mediterranean beach, more than a thousand years before the birth of Christ, roamed this dog who hunted and ate the little fish called *conchilis*. Somebody, who cared enough about dogs to notice them carefully, observed that the animal's lips and mouth were stained purple. Investigation showed the color to come from the fish it was eating.

In making your will, please remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts, Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

NOVEMBER, 1937

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

The Dogs that Talk

AN article in the January-March issue of *Progress To-day*, written by Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven of Weimar, Germany, for many of us might well be headed by the expression so common among us today, "Believe it or not." It is above all the story of a dachshund "Kurwenal." The Baroness, the article tells us, is "one of the outstanding intellectual women of Germany." It further says she is renowned as a "painter whose pictures have been exhibited not only abroad but in this country, and that she is also "one of the most active workers for the protection of animals." The article tells particularly, of her training of this remarkable dog. It contains a quotation from General von Hoff, from Stuttgart, in a pamphlet he published in which he pledged his "honor as a General" on the truth of his statements to the effect that Kurwenal "talked to him alone without the presence of the Baroness."

The General further says, "I asked Kurwenal after he had quoted these four lines of poetry (of course in German),

'I love no one as much as you.

Love me too.

I should like you with me every day.

Of happiness a ray.'

"Was it a ray of happiness for yourself?" He replied, "No, for you." The next question was, "Don't you need happiness?" "No." "Then you are happy?" "Very happy."

Professor Plate, from Jena, is also quoted as stating that in an interview with Kurwenal the dog remarked, "If only he would stop trying to trick me!" The professor says the dog "said this while I had my back to him and quietly drinking tea and I was so thrilled by the answer that it convinced me more than any of the previous tests."

The Baroness further says, "Kurwenal speaks sometimes on religious matters and questions me about all kinds of things. On such an occasion he said, 'I often pray.' 'What do you pray for?' 'For you.'"

This whole article will seem absolutely unbelievable to the majority of our readers, but this well-known humanitarian journal, *Progress To-day*, we are confident would not give space to Kurwenal's owner to tell this story did it not believe it was perfectly verifiable.

Ohio County Eliminates Rabies

IN following out a program for the handling of stray dogs and thereby solving the "mad dog" problem, Cincinnati in Hamilton County, under a city manager, has in ten years achieved a complete success. This has been accomplished through the full co-operation of the county commissioners and the Hamilton County S. P. C. A.. Under the present dog law the commission has appointed the superintendent of the S. P. C. A. county dog warden, pays his salary and has allotted funds for the construction and maintenance of a dog pound, and other allowances as have been deemed necessary.

To show how well the plan and procedure have worked out, here are some statistics: In 1927, 205 cases of rabies were reported in Cincinnati; 1928, 80 cases; 1929, 58 cases. Further decreases occurred in 1930, '31, '32 and '33.

Covering the period since that year, this is the statement of Mr. Geo. C. Kuhn, secretary of the S. P. C. A.:

"We have not had a positive rabies case in Hamilton County in 1934, 1935 nor 1936 and so far in 1937 we have found one rabid dog which came into Hamilton County from the State of Indiana."

This is a remarkable record. It is attracting the notice of other cities facing a similar problem and they are inquiring about the methods employed with a view to their adoption.

Miss Mary C. Yarrow

In the death of Miss Mary Craig Yarrow, who passed away suddenly at her hotel in Philadelphia, on July 9 last, the humane cause has lost a most devoted friend and a very generous contributor both of her talent in writing and of her means used largely for the distribution of literature. Afflicted with disease which kept her an invalid for many years, Miss Yarrow was undaunted in her courage for active service in the work of animal protection. Besides conducting an extended correspondence through the help of an amanuensis, she wrote a number of leaflets, including "Two Horses I have Known" and "A 'Rich, Poor Horse.'" Probably the last article penned by her was the "Letter to Boy Scouts," published in the August number of *Our Dumb Animals*. Her benefactions were bestowed quietly but effectively, and many will rise up to call her blessed.

A Dog Hero Passes

"Kentucky Boy," famous airedale of Hollywood, is no longer living. He died of old age in September. Some years ago in the picture studio section he barked a fire alarm and by so doing saved the lives of many persons. His intelligent warning did not pass unnoticed nor will it soon be forgotten. Nineteen medals were given to him and Governor Rolph called him "The Bravest Dog in California." He was made a member of the State Humane Association and was decorated by the Latham Foundation of Oakland. He was featured in the newsreels and his bark was heard over the radio by millions of listeners. Robert M. Byrne had owned Kentucky Boy for over fifteen years.

Be Kind to Animals Week

ALTHOUGH it is several months before the advent of the annual Be Kind to Animals Week and Humane Sunday, it is not too early for societies and individuals to begin to plan for their observance. Inaugurated back in 1915, this annual celebration has become a national institution. Through the schools, the press and radio, and, to some extent, the pulpit, the humane message is stressed as never before during this particular week. It is, of course, because we wish to see every week a Be Kind to Animals Week, that this movement was started. Its success has been phenomenal, and the Week is now established firmly among the various special weeks of the year. Any humane society that fails to take advantage of this particular period in which to engage in special activities, is losing a golden opportunity. The dates selected for 1938 are: Humane Sunday, April 24; Be Kind to Animals Week, April 25-30. The reason the time is placed so late in April, which has proved to be the best month for the observance, is to avoid coming too near to Easter. In due season both the American Humane Association, Albany, N. Y., and the American Humane Education Society, Boston, Mass., will put out special literature and posters for the event.

Law Regulating Roadside Zoos

ONE of the best laws, from a humane standpoint, Michigan has ever had is the new "roadside zoo" law that went into effect recently.

All owners of zoos must show that they came by animals in a lawful manner. No animals may be tethered to stakes but must have spacious pens or cages to which they must be confined at all times. These cages must be large enough to allow freedom to the animal or bird. The cages must be so constructed that the animal or bird can be sheltered from direct rays of sun and protected from storm and cold. Quarters must be kept clean. Animals must be fed the proper food in proper amounts. Signs forbidding the annoying of these wild creatures by on-lookers and forbidding the feeding of injurious food to them must be posted. Parking space for automobiles must be provided. The Director of Conservation can revoke the permit of any owner if he is caught violating any of these regulations.

In the past, animals and birds were tied to stakes, many were half fed and seldom watered. The public felt free to indulge in teasing the poor creatures at any time.

In case of the illness of any animal it must be removed and treated, or destroyed in a humane way.

FERN BERRY

Stories of Arabian horses loosed by De Soto's Spaniards and of a shipload of Arabs wrecked near Cape Hatteras still persist in the South Atlantic states. Be that as it may, it is true that the "marsh tacky" that roams plantation, woodland, or savannah, has some decidedly Arabian characteristics. Among these are its sure footedness and endurance, its straight-flowing mane and tail, its powerful, flat knee bones, and its small hooves sloping steeply from their pasterns.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell, Incorporated March, 1868
Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
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Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; MRS. AGNES P. FISHER, Ch. Work Com. First Tuesday.

Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. DONALD C. KIRSE, Pres.; MRS. HERBERT F. PAYNE, Treas. Second Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; MISS BESSIE SMALL, Treas. Second Thursday.

Fitchburg Branch, Am. Humane Education Soc.—MR. FRANCIS KIELTY, Pres.; BRADLEY W. LEONARD, Treas.

MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers..	17,078
Cases investigated	515
Animals examined	10,405
Animals placed in homes.....	154
Lost animals restored to owners..	72
Number of prosecutions.....	4
Number of convictions.....	4
Horses taken from work.....	17
Horses humanely put to sleep....	83
Small animals humanely put to sleep	2,454
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected.....	68,322
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep.....	9

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Fred R. F. Ellis of Brookline, and Mrs. H. M. Choate of Fitchburg.

October 12, 1937.

ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

Veterinarians

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 R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Asst. Chief
 E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
 G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
 T. O. MUNSON, V.M.D.
 C. L. BLAKELY, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

Telephone 4-7355

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D. H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	966	Cases	2,625
Dogs	730	Dogs	2,136
Cats	221	Cats	441
Birds	8	Birds	30
Horses	5	Goats	5
Squirrel	1	Horses	4
Goat	1	Squirrels	3
		Monkeys	2
		Rabbits	2
		Fox	1
		Cow	1

Operations 829

Hospital cases since opening, Mar.

1, 1915 153,839
 Dispensary cases 378,020

Total 531,859

The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital	154
Cases entered in Dispensary	566
Operations	150

Beware the Dog!

A friend of the writer, who is also a lover of animals, once remarked: "Everybody's pet is a nuisance to his neighbors." Alas, that this too often is true, especially of dogs that are allowed to roam the streets unrestrained! Owners of dogs and cats owe to those who live in their vicinity the same consideration that they would wish to be shown to them by other animal owners. But the animals do have certain rights, especially upon their own premises. In a recent Superior Court case in Maine the plaintiff, who had been bitten on the leg by his neighbor's dog, sought to show that the dog was vicious and asked to have the animal present in court, but the judge denied the request on the ground that "to prove assault a person must be walking or riding peaceably, not trespassing." It seems that the owner of the dog had warned the plaintiff not to cross her garden where the alleged assault took place.

Endowed stalls and kennels are needed in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application.

S. P. C. A. Auxiliary Fair

AN all-day Fair will be held by the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., at the Copley Plaza Hotel, Boston, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., Wednesday, November 10, 1937.

Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, president, has appointed the several committees. The general chairman of the bazaar will be Mrs. Charles C. Hoyt.

Mrs. Herbert Prescott will be in charge of the food table; Mrs. Francis G. Carreiro, of flowers; Mrs. Richard S. Taylor, of Winchester table; Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher, of novelty table; Mrs. Charles F. Rowley, of candy; and Mrs. David Theall, of household table. Mrs. Frank E. Towne will be in charge of prophecies.

The luncheon will be served under the direction of Mrs. Willard C. Bliss. The afternoon bridge will be in charge of Mrs. Edward C. Brown. "Grabs" will be offered by Miss Doris Greenwood. A speaker from the Seeing-Eye School will be present, and there will be other interesting features.

All contributions of merchandise or cash should be sent to Mrs. Willard C. Bliss, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Kenneth G. Haswell

A faithful and most efficient employee of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in connection with its work at Methuen was Kenneth G. Haswell, who died after a brief illness the latter part of August. He had charge of our small animal ambulance and responded to the thousands of calls that came annually to take away lost, stray or injured small animals of Methuen, Lawrence, Andover and other neighboring towns. He had the rare faculty of making friends with all who knew him and winning many friends for the Society he served. He loved animals. He knew how to deal with them even when they were frightened or vicious. The drivers of our small ambulances, like those who serve us at our switchboards, play a large part in securing the good will of the public, or doing the very opposite.

A caterpillar lives but a few hours while all the leaves are green, yet somehow knows the leaves will wither and fall, for when he makes his cocoon of a leaf he first binds it with a thread of silk to its stem before he wraps himself in it for his metamorphosis.

Among ghost stories of animals is that of the black dog of *Moddey Dhoo* which used to haunt an ancient Manx castle. Sir Walter Scott describes it as "The Spectre Hound of Man."

All wild animals lie down to rest with their backs to the wind, knowing their scent will not carry behind them to unseen enemies, and with noses pointed for scents ahead of them.

An envious, erudite ermine said, "There's one thing I cannot determine: When a man wears my coat, He's a person of note, While I am but a species of vermin."

—Manchester Guardian



Founded by Geo. T. Angell

Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
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Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1937

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 294
Number of addresses made, 202
Number of persons in audiences, 33,500

Safe Annuity Bonds

THE Annuity Bonds of our two Societies are absolutely safe and yield a return according to one's age. They make their appeal ordinarily to people over 40 years of age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or)
The American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me the folder about your Annuity Bonds.

Name
Age
Address

Passing of the Istanbul Cats

THE cats of Istanbul are a thing of the past. No more do they wander about the streets or lie on the sidewalks while human beings walk in the streets. In 35 years' residence here I have never happened to see a cat molested or struck in the streets. Many people fed them regularly, sometimes as many as 20 or 30 at once, but there were too many and of course among them were many diseased, starved and wounded ones.

In August a new assistant vali was sent to Istanbul and he began at once to dispose of the cats. They were collected by the municipality and sent to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to be put to sleep. The municipality offered a reward of five piasters to every person who brought a cat to the police stations. This gave rise to much cruelty, because the gypsies and street boys caught the cats, but after a few days this was stopped and now the cats are caught by regular men from the municipality, and only a few are brought each day. The Society was not notified that the cats were to be collected and sent to them to dispose of. The first day 779 cats arrived. At first many home cats were stolen, but the Society protested, and now all house cats must wear ribbons, or strings around their necks, or they will be caught. Some people, in order to protect them, take their pet cats out to walk now, with a harness and leash, like dogs. The Society gave eleven boxes, made with small compartments, and crated sides and top, so that the cats may have air, to the different police stations where the cats were assembled.

In all 6,500 cats were put to sleep by the Society for the municipality, free of charge. There will be a regular collection of cats in the future as there is for dogs.

Hundreds of little kittens found in the streets are brought to the Society now, by private persons, to be killed humanely, and this helps very much in keeping down the number of cats. The cruel custom of throwing kittens and puppies into the street to die still persists, because people in the East think some misfortune will befall them if they kill an animal. The kittens are chloroformed.

We hope that enough cats have been left to keep down the rats, and as nearly every family has a cat there is no danger of a pest of rats.

We are very glad that there was a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals already established here, and are grateful to the authorities for having accepted so willingly, all the suggestions made by the Society in regard to this work.

MRS. ALICE W. MANNING

Istanbul, September 10, 1937

The Galapagos islands get their name from the Spanish word, *galapago*, meaning tortoise. Upon these islands live, and lay, the giant turtle which is supposed to live five hundred years.

Do not kill the harmless "dirt-dauber" which builds its clay nest on your porch or barn wall. He will return your hospitality by hunting out and destroying the deadly black widow spider upon which he feeds his young.

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for August, 1937 — 31 Days

Daily average large animals	49.4	\$ 49.17
Forage for same		11.66
Put to sleep	52	8.79
Transportation		5.29
Daily average dogs	9	50.61
Forage for same		93.73
Wages, grooms, watchmen and stable-boys		16.88
Superintendent's salary		9.40
Veterinary's salary		2.27
Motor ambulance upkeep		28.85
Motor bicycle upkeep		
Sundries		
Actual operating expenses		\$276.74

Entries: 19 horses, 18 mules, 114 donkeys.
Exits: 6 horses, 10 mules, 74 donkeys.
Outpatients treated: 188 horses, 131 mules, 137 donkeys, 7 dogs, 7 cats, 1 cow.
Other Fondouks visited: 70, all Native Fondouks.

SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: 551 cases investigated, 11,574 animals seen, 1,936 animals treated, 72 animals transferred to Fondouk American, 13 pack-saddles, (infected) destroyed.

SAMPLE OF A DAY'S WORK

WEDNESDAY, August 25: 6.30 A.M. Fondouk, usual work. Dr. Larrouy, municipal veterinarian sent with a policeman horse of cab No. 23 to be hospitalized. 9.30 A.M. Inspected at Fes Jedid, Fondouk Diouane, Bab Segma, Bou Jeloud and Mellah all cab horses. Ordered drivers to send the wounded ones to Hospital to be treated. Then to Bab Guissa. Inspected more than 500 animals of countrymen bringing corn and figs to the native markets. 2.30 P.M. Fondouk. 3 P.M. to 5 P.M. Bab Ftouh inspection. Stayed 10 minutes at the gate. Then to Bab Segma and Fondouk. Animals in Hospital: 56.

G. DELON, Superintendent

A copy of the annual report will be sent to anyone asking for it. Address: Sydney H. Coleman, President, 60 Madison Avenue, New York City.

"Laugh, Clown, Laugh!"

From the book of the above title, written by the English author, Helen Trevelyan, we have selected three different portions and published them in the form of four-page leaflets, with these titles: "Do Wild Animals Prefer Captivity?", "Films, Fakes and Facts," and "Trained Animals—Cruelly Disguised." As the names indicate, the first one deals with the problem of caged animals, the second one with objectionable films, and the third with animals on the stage. Every animal lover who has not read either the book or these selections should send at once for free sample copies of each of the leaflets. Miss Trevelyan writes with the conviction of one who knows whereof she speaks, and does not hesitate to tear the mask from the pretended humane treatment of animals, caged, filmed or on the stage. In quantities the leaflets are sold at the rate of 50 cents per 100 copies, postpaid anywhere. Address, American Humane Education Society, Boston.

Humane Calendar Ready

The Humane Calendar for 1938, published by the American Humane Education Society, is now ready. The beautiful colored picture (Osborne) 9 1/4 x 4 1/4 inches, is entitled, "Harvest Time," and shows a reaping scene with three horses attached to the reaper.

The leaves of the pad, containing many humane hints and suggestions, are detachable.

20 cents for a single copy, two for 35 cents; \$1.80 per dozen, postpaid.

Special printing with Society's name and list of officers, for immediate orders only, 100 @ \$19; 200 @ \$34; 300 @ \$50; 500 @ \$81; transportation extra. Address the Secretary, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Veal

MAY ALLREAD BAKER

Six short weeks ago the two calves were dropped,

One white as snow, and the other brown. And I hoped to keep them, but Dad said "No."

Today they were loaded and sent to town.

For six weeks they'd romped in the cattle shed,

*And nursed their dams in the chilly morn;
And again of evenings, and then, full fed,
They slept through the night in the straw so warm.*

*Shy, pretty creatures, with great, dark eyes.
Timid, at first, and with many a halt,
At length they came, and with glad surprise
They licked my hand for a taste of salt.*

*Dear baby calves! And now on their way
To the slaughter-pens. How their dams
Will low!*

*And tears are misting my eyes today
For "Little Brownie," and "Little Snow."*

Tar Pits of LaBrea

CARLETON A. SCHEINERT

SQUIRRELS, cats, dogs, and other small animals today become mired in the tar pits of "La Brea" just as did the sloths, the mammoths and the saber-toothed tiger of prehistoric time. More helpless, less able to escape than if they were caught in a whirlpool or mired in quicksand, they are sucked down slowly into the black mess. At times one can see a little body flat on its side, dead but not yet drawn below the surface, and one must wonder if starvation or fear brought its struggles to an end before the smothering tar got in its work.

Once these pits were famed for the skeletons of prehistoric animals dug out of them, but today La Brea is an almost forgotten park, really a part of Los Angeles. Going out Wilshire Boulevard toward Beverly Hills, to the north is the park, maintained by the local Museum of Natural History. It comprises twenty acres of green, the dark spots that are the tar or pitch (Brea being Spanish for pitch), being now walled in by flat stones. It is said that more than 3,000,000 bones have been dug from these pits since 1900, some having been mounted as skeletons and placed in the Museum.

Water covers the tar during the rainy season, dust and sand disguise the pits in summer. Walls save the humans, but the little animals will stray upon the surface and are caught, when a wire netting would save them. Will their bones, too, be mounted in museums for the edification of future generations?

Darius Hystaspes, 521 B. C., became ruler of Persia because his horse neighed. Seven young Persians of noble birth, who killed the usurper, Smerdis, agreed to ride together at dawn and to make king that one of them whose war steed should neigh first. Darius' horse neighed first and, at once, his six companions dismounted and saluted him as their monarch.

Humane Education Stressed at Convention

Meeting of American Humane Association Attracts Prominent Humanitarians to Milwaukee

HUMANE Education had its day at the recent convention of the American Humane Association, held at Hotel Pfister, Milwaukee, early in October. An entire evening was given up to this subject, with inspiring addresses by Mrs. Lillian Ellis, county superintendent of schools, Dodgeville, Wisconsin, and Miss Effie E. Smith, principal of the Frank McCoppin School, San Francisco. These two prominent teachers told of their very practical methods and the good results obtained. At a previous session Mrs. W. F. Krah, chairman of humane education for the Illinois Congress of Parents and Teachers, Chicago, presented a paper dealing effectively with the danger of toy guns in the hands of youth. At the annual banquet Rev. Preston Bradley, pastor of the People's Church, Chicago, gave an eloquent address entitled, "Conservation of Wild Life," which touched upon the wider phases of the whole subject of the protection of animals.

More specific topics offered at the animal sessions of what proved to be a most harmonious and helpful meeting were: "The Function of the Animal Clinic and Hospital," in which President Francis H. Rowley of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. gave a brief history of the rise and development of the hospitalization of animals, with very practical suggestions for the conduct of such institutions by both large and small societies; "The Red Star in Action," by Eric H. Hansen, general manager of the American Humane Association, who told a thrilling story of the rescue of animals from the floods in the Mississippi valley last winter, strikingly illustrated by moving pictures; "Transport of Livestock," by Earle G. Reed, chairman of the National Livestock Loss Prevention Board, Omaha; "Proper Shipment of Animals in Containers," by G. M. Dallas, superintendent, Loss and Damage, American Express Company, New York City, who cited the proper containers for animals of various sizes and habits; "Unusual Wild Life Problems of the S. P. C. A.," by W. E. Sanderson, director, Wild Life department, American Humane Association; and "The Trouble Shooter of the S. P. C. A.," by Wm. Ryan, agent of the American S. P. C. A., New York, who illustrated this theme by lantern slides

showing methods of catching stray animals.

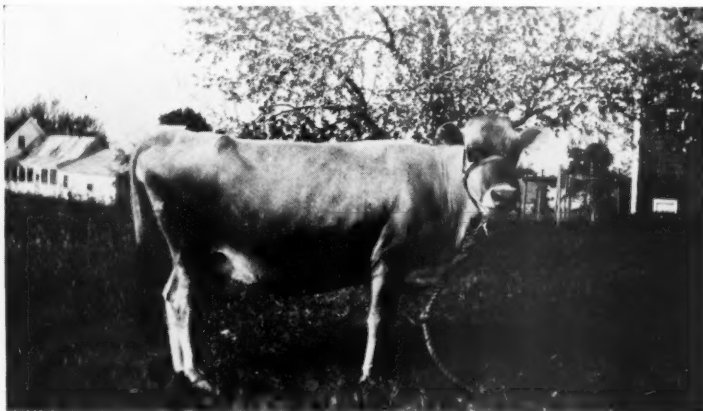
Other subjects considered were: "What about the Predators?" by Larry Hautz, secretary, Izaak Walton League, Milwaukee; and "Public Small Animal Contracts with Humane Society Methods," by H. L. Leffingwell, superintendent, Animal Protective League, Cleveland, Ohio. At the A. B. C. session, directed by Mrs. Charles M. Kindel, Jr., president, Kent County Humane Society, Grand Rapids, Michigan, a variety of helpful topics, suggested from the question box or from the floor, were freely discussed. Resolutions were passed opposing the sale of toy guns and asking a curb on the use of the electric prod. The new series of humane education readers, edited by Miss Frances E. Clarke and reviewed in this issue of *Our Dumb Animals*, were heartily endorsed, as was the Amrita Island Conference, held annually under the auspices of the Animal Rescue League of Boston.

The delegates were treated to an afternoon's sight-seeing trip of the city of Milwaukee, during which the local animal shelter and pound was visited. A feature not on the program was the morning decoration with a wreath of the unique statue of Henry Bergh which stands in one of the city's most prominent squares. A three-horse hitch and a group of children with their pets added to the picturesqueness of the scene.

All who attended this convention came away with delightful memories of the social contacts, the attractions of the city, and the hospitality of the Wisconsin Humane Society and its efficient superintendent, Mr. Walter J. Dethloff.

A pigeon saved the lives of 15 seamen aboard a German steamer that foundered north of Denmark in a severe gale. It was released with a message tied under its wings. Some hours later a farmer near the coast found the bird and summoned rescue squads.

In 936 A. D., a prince named Hywel Dha, passed a law to protect the cats in South Wales. This is the first record of domestic cats in the British Isles.



"JUDY," A FULL-BLOODED JERSEY

The Laughter of the Ducks

MURIEL SWORDER

Ha ha,

Ha ha,

Ha ha ha!

Hear the laughter of the ducks!

Shower of laughter, shower of rain

Beating on my window pane.

*Sleek, white throats expressing pleasure,
Raindrops dancing without measure,
Here's the sun shining through
A pale sky of flaxen blue.
Lightly step I to my door,
But the ducks?—they laugh no more.*

Birds Are Heavy Eaters

L. E. EUBANKS

THE saying that a person who eats but little has "an appetite like a bird" implies that our feathered friends are light feeders. But, in proportion to bodily weight, birds consume a surprising volume of food.

Like people, birds keep themselves warm and comfortable with heat that is released from food burned in the cells of their bodies. The exceptional requirement in amount of food (for bodily weight) is explained by the birds' high body-temperature—from two to fourteen degrees Fahrenheit higher than ours, according to John H. Jollief.

When the food supply is plentiful the little bodies store up a reserve in fatty tissue. This is used when the ground is covered with snow and ice, cutting off the food supply. If the amount of food burned is greater than the amount eaten, in a very short time the small reserve is gone and the birds approach starvation. Birds follow the same plan that we do in trying to conserve body heat; they seek shelter from cold, winds and severe storms.

We should think of these facts, especially when the ground is covered with sleet or ice, as it often is in the late winter and early spring. Feed the birds, particularly at this time, and help them to pull through. Cracked corn, wheat, haymow chaff, sunflower seed, oats, nuts, fruit, bread, suet, and raisins are all good for birds.



WHOOPIING SWAN AND MATE
ON NEST

The Australian Magpie

EWEN K. PATTERSON

RANKED as one of the master feathered minstrels of the world, the Australian magpie well deserves its reputation of being one of the finest songbirds in existence. It is impossible to give a written description of this bird's beautiful modulated notes; but a fine tribute was paid to



AUSTRALIAN MAGPIE—MASTER
MINSTREL

the bird by a world-famous naturalist who wrote that the "glorious liquid notes of the Australian magpie's full-throated flute-like song are fitting paeans of adoration to an infinite and creative majesty. The song pours and floats and balances in the mist of daybreak. It is the acme of superb sweetness of tone, and it is brimful of color. It is a wine of sound."

The glorious, care-free carol of the magpie gives unbounded pleasure to every one who hears it. It is the voice of the Australian bush—a sweet song which cheers lonely folks residing in uncivilized regions.

But rarely does the magpie sing alone. Usually the birds sing in pairs and give a delightful duet; but they are at their best when half a dozen or so are chorusing together about sunrise.

Unlike most other birds, which grow silent as night falls, the magpie frequently sings at night, especially when it is moonlight, and it is a wonderful experience to hear the birds caroling in the dead of the night.

The Australian magpie is a very friendly bird, and is quick to chum with workers and travelers in the bush, although during the nesting season it becomes very hostile and will attack any human being who goes near the site of its nest. The bird is a valuable friend of farmers, taking heavy toll of insect and rodent pests, and because of this it is closely protected by law.

It is also one of the most intelligent birds in the Australian bush, and a unique incident, providing striking proof of its intelligence, recently occurred on a country golf course in the State of Queensland.

A magpie had its nest in a tree close by one of the greens on the golf course, and for several days it was noticed that whenever any golf players commenced putting on the green the magpie would fly down to a stump a few yards from the green and watch the players closely.

After watching the players for about a week, the bird decided one morning to do a little playing itself.

A ball was driven on to the green, and as soon as it came to rest the magpie flew down, and, using its beak as a putter, it began to push the ball towards the hole.

The bird had taken the ball a distance of more than three feet, and had it within eighteen inches of the hole, when it was disturbed by the approach of a caddy and flew away.

Facts About Wild Geese

L. D. CHAPMAN

VERY few persons, who see the wild geese winging their way regularly across the continent every spring and fall, have a very clear idea of how they really live in their natural environment.

With its dark gray body, black neck and white patch under its jaw, the wild goose is a picturesque character along the shore of any woodland lake or river.

The wild goose is a true weather prophet, and it is very seldom that it makes a mistake and is caught in a snow storm of any consequence. When the frosty nights of early fall appear on its northern range, the geese gather in bands of from thirty to a hundred or more and, led by an old gander, line up in a V-shaped formation to begin their annual migration.

During the flight, the geese stop from time to time to feed, but always when the flight is resumed, the old gander is in the lead, with the lesser geese strung out in the characteristic formation. Occasionally the birds in the two lines change places but the lead gander never gives up his position unless he is killed or wounded. If the leader is killed, the whole flock is thrown into a turmoil, often losing their bearings entirely and flying aimlessly around for several days, before another leader takes his place and once more leads the flock on its migratory course.

Wild geese nest in our most northerly states and Canada, and winter in our warm southern states. As the snow disappears from their northern nesting grounds, the migratory instinct warns them that it is time for them to commence their flight north and they travel in the picturesque V-shaped manner, with an old gander always leading the way.

The flight to the northward is usually the most leisurely, as the birds are thin and make their way slowly as the spring opens up.

When protecting their young or nests, wild geese are exceedingly vicious and can inflict a very painful blow with their wings, but at other times they will take immediate flight at the first approach of man. The diet of wild geese is a varied one, comprising various grains and fish as well as all sorts of vegetation.

They are among the cleanest of all birds, and one curious characteristic that has been noted and much commented on is that in their wild state, as well as in the domesticated, all grass roots that are pulled up are carefully washed before being eaten. In that respect, more than any other, geese differ greatly from all other wild fowl.

The woodpecker rapping on one side of a tree flies often to the other side to see if he has driven out any insects.

The Vagaries of Jenny Wren

ELIZABETH F. UNDERWOOD

IN the early part of June, soon after moving to Cohasset for the summer, we noticed when our awnings were let down in the morning, that a lot of tiny twigs came falling down on the piazza floor.

It seemed a mystery how they could have been there, but one day after the awnings had been pulled up, I saw "Jenny Wren" very busy, flying back and forth with little twigs, putting them into the folds of the awning, evidently beginning to build a nest.

After that, every morning more twigs fell out, when the awning was let down.

It seemed hard that all her worth-while labor should be in vain, so we fashioned a nesting-place out of a small wooden box, and nailed it under one end of the piazza roof. In a twinkling Mr. and Mrs. Wren came flying excitedly to the box, accepting it as a good sort of nest, and began vigorous work, bringing lots of twigs, cheerily singing all the while as they flew outward.

At last Mr. Wren perched on his doorstep, with a longer twig, and he had difficulty getting it in, turning it this way and that. In despair, taking it lengthwise, he backed in with it. Quite a bit of engineering, we thought.

We were feeling quite happy over the prospect of watching the arrival of the baby birds, but one day, to our dismay, we missed the joyful song of Jenny Wren, and we found that an English sparrow had stolen the nest for we saw him, flying happily in and out. It was a disappointment to lose our cheery little friends, but, strange to say, the sparrows finally deserted the nest, so we lost the pleasure of seeing any little young birds.

Sometime after, to our delight, the wrens came flying to the nest, seemingly pleased to be back, and we watched them going in

and out many times, but never carrying anything in. Now and then they would hover around in and out of the folds of the awnings as they did at first. They did not appear at all depressed at the stealing of their nest, but, on the contrary, would fly back and forth joyously, often sitting on the doorstep, singing merrily. We decided that the whole affair was a mystery, past finding out.

Shot for Stealing Waste

JAMES THORNBURG

IT was pleasant to be in the country that fine day. I had driven there to buy some cherries. I stopped at the farmer's place where I intended to buy them.

"Many cherries this year?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, plenty of them," he answered. "Come with me into the orchard."

He was right. The cherry trees were loaded so that they looked red from a distance. Cherries lay everywhere rotting on the ground.

"What are you going to do with them all?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered. "There are more than we will use or sell."

Suddenly I stopped. There lying on the ground was a sight that filled me with rage. What had once been a beautiful red-headed woodpecker was now torn and mangled by shot.

"I shot him," the farmer told me. This I could obviously see.

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, they steal the cherries," he answered, unconcernedly.

I didn't buy any cherries. After giving the farmer a piece of my mind I left immediately. I wish now that instead of letting my temper get the best of me I had tried to make him see the cruelty and folly of his thoughtless act.

A Plea for Our Birds— Even for the Sparrow

AN ORNITHOLOGIST, John A. Brock, delivered a radio address recently which has been reproduced in *The Kind Deeds Messenger* of the Latham Foundation for the Promotion of Humane Education, Oakland, California. We quote the following excerpts from it. They are well worth reading.

From time to time we hear that certain wild birds are destructive to crops. But are they?

If we were to try every native bird on his own merits and give each species a fair trial in the case against him every action would be dismissed.

In California we require every one of our large hawks and owls. If we kill them off or reduce their numbers to the danger point our fields will become infested with rats and ground squirrels. This condition with reference to the ground squirrel actually exists in certain parts of the state today. If we kill the smaller hawks and the shrike—who is known as the butcher bird—a plague of mice will result.

Kindness to wild birds will repay us 100 per cent for any time or expense we may give. We should remember the birds especially during cold, stormy weather and place food out for them. Storms and other causes take a heavy toll of bird life.

Let me say right here—Parents who place guns in the hands of their boys, cannot close their eyes to the fact that sooner or later, in nine cases out of ten, that gun will be used to kill birds.

The statement is frequently made: "The boy will kill only sparrows." And why kill sparrows? What useful purpose can it serve? The imported European sparrow, like the domestic cat or dog, is a product of our civilization. This bird for centuries has been the constant companion of man. He prefers the roar of traffic in our city streets to the woods and quiet of the country.

The claim is frequently made that he drives our native birds away. Let me say here, with the sole exception that at times the sparrow will occupy the nest of the swallow or martin if built under the eaves of a city building, I have never known any other species of our native birds to be disturbed by his presence.

The sparrow seldom receives a word of praise or the credit that is due him. Make a study of the sparrow and find out how valuable his services are to the health departments of our large cities. He removes and consumes decaying food left on the streets, which otherwise would go to feed the disease-carrying house fly. He searches over our public buildings and around our homes for every variety of spider, moth and beetle. Rain or shine the good work of the sparrow goes on. In my opinion there is no reason for the thought in the minds of so many people that city sparrows should be killed. May I suggest to those who hold that opinion to make a brief study of the little fellow, dodging automobiles and the crowds on the sidewalk. There is much in him to praise, and but little to condemn.



MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE PIGEONS

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Three hundred and thirty-two new Bands of Mercy were reported during September. Of these, there were 217 in Illinois, 29 in Georgia, 26 in Florida, 23 in Pennsylvania, 16 in North Carolina, 13 in Maine, seven in Virginia and one in British West Indies.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 225,247.

Little Yellow Kitten

EDITH DAVIS ROWE

*Little yellow kitten,
Kicked from place to place
Just because you're homely
Both in form and face.*

*Starving little creature
Wandering everywhere,
Up and down the alleys
With a frightened stare.*

*Human beings passing
Up and down the street—
No one loves or pets you,
No one gives you meat.*

*Homeless, friendless kitty,
Wondering why your fate,
Plucky little orphan,
Try another gate.*

*Here there lives a lady,
She will take you in
Even though the neighbors
Think you mean and thin.*

*Here's a home and kindness,
Food and shelter warm;
Happy little creature,
Safe from dogs and storm.*

Foxes are among those animals mentioned most frequently in the Old Testament and were, evidently, numerous at that time. Samson was wicked enough, when he burned the Philistines' corn, to catch three hundred foxes, tie firebrands to their tails, and turn them loose in the fields of grain.

Mules are first mentioned in the twenty-fourth verse of the thirty-sixth chapter of Genesis. Until then they were unknown to the Jewish tribes, who used asses for work animals and, presumably, had never seen horses. One of Zibeon's sons, named Anah, was feeding the domestic asses when he saw these strange and new creatures and hurried home to report his discovery. The mules, breeding and living in the wilderness, were probably attracted by the smell of the asses' food.

A Strange Vacation

CELIA I. HARVEY

RECENTLY I read of an old lady in London who gave up all of her usual vacation plans for the sake of touring the various districts of the city, nights, to distribute food to stray cats. Always before she had donated money to charity, but she decided that the only real way to be sure of what was done with it was to do it herself and, being partial to cats, she set out to feed all the strays in the city.

She spent a lot of money buying milk, minced beef and canned salmon, and did the work herself. As she said, "It was the only way you could be sure that the poor cats were fed."

I wish that something like that could be started in many communities in this country, as it is a pitiable thing to see so many of the erstwhile pets shunted out to shift for themselves, especially during the winter. A great many of them starve or freeze to death in every city, and the humane societies are usually overworked. Just one person can hardly take in all the strays that come along.

The worst part of it is that the poor cats have no way of knowing why they are petted and made much of in the summer, and put out to freeze and starve in cold weather.

The Despised Crow

The crow proves a friend of man. An army of locusts swarmed over northwest Florida, not only eating every green thing but stopping sports as well. A beautiful golf course was covered with the pests, prohibiting playing. Suddenly, when men did not know what they could do to banish these insects, an army of crows swooped down on the golf course and soon cleared it of the pests.

The little that birds eat can't compare with the damage done by insects that multiply rapidly when unmolested.

FRANK HAMPTON FOX

Quails fly straight upward from the meadow at dusk and keep in the air till they find their night roosting place; thus no hungry prowlers may trail them.



A FOSTER MOTHER OF ORPHANS

Cat Adopts Baby Squirrels

L. D. CHAPMAN

THE mother instinct in some feline animals is strong enough to overcome their antagonism toward what is usually their natural prey. Several years ago, the mother instinct was well demonstrated to me by a cat which adopted a couple of baby squirrels that were made orphans by me, though not intentionally.

One day in the late spring, I went into the woodlot to cut a little more wood for my summer's use. During the course of the day, I came to a large beech tree that was partly dead. Concluding it would make good summer fuel, I felled the tree. When it struck the ground it broke into about a hundred pieces and, to my dismay, I discovered it was the nesting place of a pair of gray squirrels.

The parents and four baby squirrels about two days old, were in the nest, and the breaking of the tree killed both parents and two of the babies. The other two were apparently uninjured. At first I decided to put them out of their misery, then I happened to think of an old mother cat at home who had three kittens that were born the previous night.

Having little thought that the cat would take to the squirrels, I took them home more as an experiment than because I thought she would adopt them. Disposing of two of the kittens, I put the little squirrels in their place and waited to see what the cat's reaction to the change might be. Old Tabby smelled the baby squirrels all over, then commenced washing them the same as she did her kitten. To all appearances, she might have been raising squirrels for years.

The squirrels thrived well with their foster-mother, and in due time were able to leave the nest and race about through the near-by trees. They showed no inclination to leave, but continued to play with their little foster-brother. Old Tabby and the kitten, however, sometimes looked on in dismay while the two squirrels were racing through the treetops.

Sometimes as she looked on, Old Tabby almost seemed to say, "What kind of children have I raised, that they should act so rowdyish?" Of course, as the squirrels got old enough to eat, I had to feed them a different diet than the cats received, but even after they grew up, there was never a sign of unfriendliness among them.

The squirrels lived in the woodshed for several years, but finally one of them was killed by a passing automobile and, a few weeks later, the other one wandered away to near-by woods. Sometimes he would come back to make us a short visit, but he never took up his abode around the house again.



Welcome Guest

STELLA V. JONES

*Little doggie,—here,
Come in from the storm,
I've a cozy fire
It is nice and warm!*

*I will brush your coat
On this woolly rug,
And around your neck
I will steal a hug!*

*Let the rainfall turn
Into snow and sleet,
You'll be nice and warm
Right here by my feet!*

Family of Cats in Hollow Tree

ROY L. WARREN

COZY kitchens are generally considered good places for raising kittens, but at Goguac lake, Battle Creek, there's a stray, gray mother cat whose standards are somewhat different. She has a family of five tucked away high in the hollow of a tree trunk.

She was house-hunting when she wandered across the Frederick Benson's summer place at Hobart's Landing about a month ago. And she had a big problem. She was expecting youngsters, and they had to be put out of the reach of the dogs. So her specifications for houses were pretty high—literally.

The place she found near the Benson's cottage was nothing short of perfect. It was an old oak tree, gnarled, scrawny, and standing atop a bluff high over the shore. The lower half of its trunk was as sound as a cast-iron post, but the higher half was hollow.

There was a door about 15 feet above the ground, and the two limbs that came together just outside formed as fine a front porch as a family of kittens could want. The place was safe, too. High in the upper branches were emergency exits.

Today Tabby's kittens are as husky as young house-cats, as agile as young squirrels. They have not yet been down to the mainland, but that doesn't concern them much. There's plenty of room for fun and frolic among the branches of their oak tree, and their ma is pretty good about bringing field mice up for supper every day.

Answers to "How Many 'M' Animals" puzzle last month (The numbers after each name tell where the name can be started and ended):

Mandrill 1-6, marmot 31-35, marmoset 31-35, mare 31-20, moose 36-30, mongoose 18-16, mole 1-14, marten 31-19, musk-ox 1-34, musk-deer 1-27, mouse 1-16, mule 1-14, mink 18-22, muskrat 1-25, monkey 18-10.

If you cannot take care of your cat, or the hungry cats in your neighborhood, send for the agent of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals or of an Animal Rescue League, to dispose of them humanely. A starved cat is not a good mouser.



Photo by Boller

THE JOY OF EVERY HEALTHY BOY

Bird Life Has Teacher and Preacher

FERN BERRY

IF you cannot go to church and you cannot go to school do not grieve too much. Go to the woods for there you will find both an able teacher and a preacher. The bird life of Michigan has two members of the professions. If you are walking through the woods or in your orchard or grove and hear this sermon over and over again you will know you are hearing the preacher bird or red-eyed vireo, "You see it"—"You know it"—"Do you hear me?"—"Don't you believe it?" All of these strains are uttered with a rising inflection at the close and a pause as if waiting for an answer. The red-eyed vireo gets its name from the fact that it actually has a red iris in its eye. It is a common bird in the woods and orchards.

If you chance to be a teacher and you are walking in the woods and hear the call, "Teacher, teacher, teacher, teacher," you may think for a moment that some of your pupils are calling to you. Step carefully for you may be near the nest of the ovenbird, or teacher bird as it is commonly called. This bird builds a dome-shaped nest that really looks like an old-fashioned brick oven. The door is through the side. You will need sharp eyes to discover it.

This bird has an entirely different song that it sings oftenest in night flights. This song has been likened to the song of the Old World Nightingale.

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

OUR ANIMAL BOOKS, a series in Humane Education, edited by Frances E. Clarke. Seven volumes, for kindergarten and through Grade VI.

PRIMER, FUZZY TAIL, Arénsa Sondergaard. 139 pp. 72 cents, net.

BOOK I. SNIFF, James S. and Martha Kelly Tippet. 190 pp. 80 cents, net.

BOOK II. PETS AND FRIENDS, Emma A. MYERS. 192 pp. 84 cents, net.

BOOK III. THE PET CLUB, Katharine W. Masters. 230 pp. 92 cents, net.

BOOK IV. ON CHARLIE CLARKE'S FARM, Katharine L. Keelor. 202 pp. 72 cents, net.

BOOK V. OUR TOWN AND CITY ANIMALS, Frances E. Clarke and Katharine L. Keelor. 224 pp. 76 cents, net.

BOOK VI. PATHS TO CONSERVATION, James S. Tippet. 311 pp. 88 cents, net.

Leaders in humane education everywhere will thank Miss Frances E. Clarke, long prominent as director for the American S. P. C. A., New York City, and as author and teacher, for this signal contribution to a literature that has been sadly needed for many years. No longer need we ask, What have we for text-book or reader that we can put in the lower grades of our schools to effectively teach humane education? Miss Clarke has made a definite, painstaking, and, we doubt not, successful effort to solve this problem by sponsoring this series of readers. With rare judgment she selected as authors of the different books teachers of wide experience and with the tact to present their subjects in an entertaining as well as instructive manner. The volumes meet all basal reader requirements, being strictly up to date in method of reading. Fortunately, publishers were found who entered sympathetically into the task of making a series of books that will delight every child into whose hands they may fall. Every one of them has a quantity of colored illustrations, more numerous, naturally, for the lower grades. All have attractive covers with animals in color. No expense has been spared in typography, paper or binding.

The Primer, by a pre-school teacher in Columbia University, gives the story of a kitten from which the child learns how to feed, handle and play properly with his own pet kitten. "Sniff" is a somewhat more advanced story, this time of a dog, with useful hints on feeding, housing, exercising, and training of dogs. "Pets and Friends" presents charming stories of children and their animal friends which develop in the pupil a realization of his own responsibilities towards animals. "The Pet Club" brings out in story form the care and consideration to be given to animals used for instruction purposes in elementary classrooms. "On Charlie Clarke's Farm" gives the experiences of a city-bred boy and his family and friends on a farm, with a continuous teaching of the principles of humane education. Part II deals with the care of the various farm animals. In "Our Town and City Animals" Miss Clarke collaborates with Miss Keelor, director of a country day school in Connecticut, in the keynote book of the series. Here a fifth-grade class form themselves into a Junior S. P. C. A. club to help protect the animals of their city. Here the aim is to develop the proper attitude towards horses, dogs, cats, and pets in general.

"Paths to Conservation" should be adopted as a textbook in all our schools. Ever since the late Dr. William T. Hornaday, to whom a chapter is devoted, courageously and



YOUNG SCREECH OWL

persistently warned of the wastefulness of wild life and the complete extinction of many species of birds and mammals, it is to the schools that we must look to educate the rising generation in the necessity of conservation. How to protect the wild life that remains; how to maintain and to increase it, when possible, for the benefits of a future generation are questions which ought to engage the mind of every true American. "Paths to Conservation" tells how it can be done.

The series is published by D. C. Heath & Company, Boston, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco, Dallas, and London. Readers who wish to own copies of this remarkable humane education series should send for them direct to the publishers, at the nearest address given here, enclosing prices as shown above, plus postage.

Retired Workers' Fund

We are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

The mocking-bird, contrary to popular belief, is one of the bravest and fiercest of all feathered fighters. It does not hesitate to attack larger birds, animals, and even human beings who go near its nest.

Diogenes of Insect World

ROBERT VAN DYCK

ON any warm summer or autumn night you can, if you will but look carefully, see one or more tiny phosphorescent points of light moving slowly among the blades of grass in your lawn, on the leaf of a plant or on the sidewalk itself. In fact you might even find one crawling on your trouser leg after walking through high grass.

Now if you investigate closely you will see that this tiny point of light is in reality given out by a small, worm-like creature about one-half inch in length with about the thickness of a straight pin and dark green in color. It is a glowworm.

This little creature can do something which man thus far has not been able to do—give light without heat. Beyond the fact that this phosphorescence is due to chemical action the light is but little understood. Yet the light of the glowworm is the most perfect light known or conceivable as there is no noticeable consumption of light-producing material.

It is most interesting to study this little creature as he travels through the dark night, lighting his own way. Perhaps, like Diogenes, who walked through the streets of Athens with a light searching for an honest man, this little fellow looks for an honest worm.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.

Our Dumb Animals

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All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

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Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining	20 00	Annual	1 00
Children's			\$0.75

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Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

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